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INTRODUCTION.

All the way through this book the words at the end of the lines have not been divided according to their syllables. They were divided so that the end of each line would be at the same margin.

The last story, The Vicar of Wakefield, is an imaginary thirty third chapter of the original book which has only thirty two chapters.

The story "Woman Suffrage" was written just before election, this year. It is one of the great political questions in the United States, and discussed a great deal.

The story about the gasoline "Dummy" is a true one. I, myself, have had the exact experience spoken of.



* THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS. *
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Mrs. Morley sat by the window knitting stockings. Now and then she gazed anxiously towards a well trodden path which disappeared in the bush to the right. It was half past four and Nellie had not yet come home from school.

"What can be keeping her so late", said Mrs. Morley to herself. "She has never been late before,- and this is the last day of school too,- I thought she would be here early tonight".

The fond mother tried to banish her fears. She put her knitting aside, and busied herself in the bright, warm kitchen. The round table was already set for two. When the dainty supper of smoking Johnny cake, fresh butter, honey, fried rabbit and potatoes, was ready, Mrs Morley went to the window and looked out once more. It was not yet five o'clock, but it was almost dark. She listened, and

could hear the faint barking of coyotes. Could it be that the starving creatures had dared to attack Nellie and pull her from her horse.

It was more than three-miles to the school house, but-Mrs. Morley hesitate a minute longer. She snatched a shawl, rushed out, and started down the snowy path. As she entered the bush, she heard the sound of a galloping horse, and Nellie's voice calling, "Mamma! where are you going? She turned back just in time to see a tall man dressed in cow boy clothes, lift - Nellie from his horse and place her safely on the door step.

"Oh, Mamma!" said Nellie, "I have been lost. Prince - broke his halter and was gone--when I went to the shed for him. I saw his tracks in the snow and I followed them until it was-nearly dark. I was so tired,--and when I sat down on a stump-to rest, the coyotes saw me and some came near enough for me to touch them with my little whip. More and more kept coming, and-then they began to bark. I was-so frightened and I called for

you. Cow Boy Jack heard me and he came as fast as he could. When he was still a long way off he shot, and the coyotes wanted to run off so fast,- they fell over each other. It looked so funny. They were all gone when Cow Boy Jack got there. Then he put me in the saddle and we came home, O so fast! I don't know where Prince is, but Cow Boy-Jack is going to find him and - bring him to me."

That night Nellie and her mother did not have their supper alone. For the first time Cow Boy Jack sat at their table. Nellie watched him with growing wonder. She had never seen him before, although the ranch where he stayed was only two miles from her mother's homestead. It had always been her belief that he was a very bad man. At school that day the boys had told her, Cow Boy Jack and his men usually went to town the night before Christmas and spent day after day drinking - and fighting. He surely was wicked even if he did look like some fine prince with boots and shining spurs.

After supper Mrs. Morley opened a large Christmas box. One after another the pretty presents were put on the table. Nellie danced for joy. The last present in the box was a beautiful-story and picture book combined. Nellie placed it on Cow Boy Jack's knees and together they looked at the bright colored pictures.- She laughed at Buster Brown and his various resolves, until she came to one that read something-like this,-

RESOLVED.

THAT ON THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS I WILL TRY TO GIVE UP ALL WICKED HABITS AND ASK OTHER MEN & BOYS TO DO THE SAME.

She closed the book, - placed her small hand on Cow Boy Jack's and asked in a whisper, - "Won't you please make a resolve like Buster's,- tonight?"

When little Nellie had been fast asleep for several hours, her cow boy sat in his shack with bowed head. Nellie's request had touched his heart. It never occurred to him that it -- hurt other people as well as himself, when he was wicked. He



looked at the clock. His face -
glowed with shame when he thought
of his men. He knew they had -
been in town an hour or more and
were perhaps already cursing be-
cause their leader had failed to-
appear at the regular hour.

Half of Christmas week -
had passed when the men returned.
They entered the cabin just as -
Jack was having his supper. Jobby
Squad, Jim, Funny, and Tom all -
looked at Jack, as though he had
been a dead man and had come to-
life again. "What in the -----
has happened to you Jack?" asked
Jobby. "Nothing boys". All were-
silent for a while, and then Jack
said, "It is cold out, is it not?"
Silence still. "You better come -
and have something warm to eat".

"Something warm to eat! By Gingoie
I think it is time for you to have
something warm to DRINK!" said
Funny. We did bring a little bot-
tle for you, even if we did wish
your cursed neck was broken when
you didn't show up!

"That will do" said Jack.
"No thank you. No drink for me.
I have resolved never to take an
other drop".

"What! said Squad, "When
you make that resolve?" "The -
Night before Christmas" was the

calm reply.

The next time Cow Boy Jack saw Nellie he told her of his - "RESOLVE", and of the wonderful change in his men. He and Nellie became fast friends. They were - often seen riding together over the hills in search of cattle.

The snow was softly falling. It was the day before Christmas. Mrs. Morley, somewhat tired of the day's work, sat in her easy chair musing. As the clock struck four her mind went back ten - years. Ten long but happy years - had passed since Nellie had first seen her Cow Boy. Mrs Morley smiled when she thought of that night. She wondered if Nellie remembered it.

At five Mrs. Morley went in to the kitchen. Everything was ready there to be prepared at a moments notice. She lit the lamps - and took one to each room. She gazed with pride at the large new dining room all decorated with spruce branches and holly. The long table was set for twenty. The - snowy cloth was beautifully decorated with holly.

The guests began to come at six. One cow boy after another - marched into the sitting room. All of them seemed to be in the gay - est of spirits. Mrs Morley heard one peal of laughter after another as she stood in the kitchen door - waiting. Yes she was waiting. - The minister, Mr Dodd, came and - joined the boys in the sitting - room, and still the mother was wa - iting. She heard Funny say, --- -

"They have only fifteen min - utes to get here, and primp, and - be tied up in". "Jack said I cou - ld post pone the wedding if they were not here on time, and that - is just what I will do".

Just then Mrs. Morley heard the tramp of horses, and a girlie h voice rang out, "Are we late mo - ther?"

Although her mother object - ed, Nellie would not take time to change her dress. A loud cheer - burst from the crowd, when the do - or opened and Mrs Morley followed by Jack and Nellie, entered the - room. Beautiful Nellie, with the - wet snow still in her hair, was - leaning on Jack's arm. She was -

dressed in her riding coat and hat and wore a short skirt, with brown leggings. In one hand she still - carried her gloves and riding whip. She gave a hurried glance at the - clock, and smiled. Yes they were - in time. The ceremony began at the appointed hour. It was indeed a happy wedding. The smiles did not - have time to vanish while the minister said his few words.

The company passed into the - dining room immediately after the - happy couple had been congratulated.

When they were about to leave the table Funny called out, "Wait a minute. Jack promised to tell us boys something tonight"

Jack looked up with a smile - and told the boys what had happened to him ten years ago on the Night before Christmas.

* THE FIRST SNOWFALL *

Usually, about the time of the equinox, (September 22nd) the rays of the sun have a queer influence on the atmosphere of Alberta. Every rancher knows what to expect when he sees a dark - cloud in the north-west.

The bronchos are saddled, - and in less than an hour cowboys can be seen riding swiftly thru the hay lands, towards the hills. It is too great a risk to leave cattle grazing, where there is - no shelter and feed, when snow - is expected. The clouds always give several days notice and - thus make it possible for the - boys to have the cattle safe in pastures and kraals before any - snow falls.

When this is done the Kan- cher looks for the expected - change in the weather, with a - great deal of pleasure. He feels

very comfortable in his bright warm shack, thinking of the immense pile of wood just outside the door, a dug-out full of potatoes and turnips, and hundred or more tall hay stacks in the meadow.

Just as everything is ready, even the rust scoured from the cutter, the flakes begin to fall. They fall faster and faster. The air is perfectly still. A low moaning of the prairie chickens can be heard from the meadows, and in the evening coyotes bark as though winter with its frosty nights has already come. But they are mistaken; it is too early in the year for Jack frost. The willow and the balm-of-gilliad, still wear their summer dresses and where the mower has not been, the grass stands tall and green.

In the morning, the earth is a beautiful picture in green and white. The spruce stands tall and straight and holds the wet snow in its arms as though it were a mass of foam, but the willow is bent almost to the

ground by its heavy burden. Here and there a sunflower, protected by overhanging branches, shows - its bright yellow head. All the fence posts wear tall, white - night caps, and the straw-covered sheds no longer spoil the - looks of the farm.

The kancher sees it all in one glance. Yes, - the snow is - deep enough, and if he hurries - he may have the looked for cutter ride. He goes to the kreal, laases a broncho, throws harness on it, hitches it to the cutter - and then with one bound starts - out across the country. He calls on his neighbors and has break - feast with them. A sleigh riding party is planned for the - evening providing the snow keeps on falling.

The flakes drop in one - white shower until the moon - scatters the clouds, and then - the stars gradually make an effort to send forth their bright - lights. Every bachelor in the - neighborhood hears the merry - jingle of sleigh bells, a loud - laugh, and a rap at the door of his shack. "Come out and join - the party Jim"! we are going to - town to get the ladies and take -



them to Old Man Thomb's homestead, so that they may have a look at the haunted lake." "Old Man Tom is a Skotchman and a Spiritualist, and the lake ten or more rods from his shack, is said to contain some of the spirits he believes in.

There is not a breath of air to move the snow covered trees, but the surface of the lake is all but calm when the merry party gase upon it. The moon and stars seem to be dancing in the heavens. The ladies gaze in open eyed wonder, and some even think harm will come to them, because they do not know that the Spittite are big fat musk rats, who delight in plunging and swimming about in the warm water on a moonlit inight.

On the morrow the sun comes out warm and bright, and by noon, snow and sleigh riding parties are things of the past. -- Birds chatter in the green trees, and the cattle are once more turned out to graze on the hills.

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 \* A VACATION INCIDENT. \*  
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In the part of Canada where I lived and spent several of my vacations, July twelfth was known as "Pow-Wow Day".

Have you ever been at a pow-wow? It is the Cree Indian name for a war dance, and all other hopping around to the tune of a tin drum. The government gave the Indians a certain sum of money every year on the same date, and they celebrated the occasion in the small town of Ponoka. Three or four days before the eventful time, tents, dogs, papooses and cyuses, could be seen through every opening in the bush on the banks of the Battle River, and also on the grassy slope of Prospect hill.

I liked the appearance of this Indian village and I think if Cartier could have seen it, he would have called it the second Stadacona. The inhabitants were kind and generous, even if they did look ugly in their war paint

and feathers. Most of them were civilized, but their dress and - actions showed little signs of - civilization on Pow-wow days. -

My heart was up in my - throat the first time I saw a - dozen or more tall, straight - Indians, with tomahawks and ar - rows, creep out of the bush and pretend they were in search of - some one. I remember one of these Indians in particular. His face and limbs were painted a bright yellow. He had a long chicken - feather sticking up straight on - his head, his war cry was a shriek that filled ones blood with - chills, and he could dance as - though he was some toy wound up - to run for hours. His name was "Standing-in-the-road". I ne - ver found out why he was called that. He might have been in the road once upon a time but I don't think he ever stood still.

These Indians had the -- queerest way of dancing. The musicians sat on the ground and the warriors danced around them. They sang Ki-yi-yi-yi-yi, ki-yi-yi-yi etc, and bobbed their heads and bent their bodies further backward or forward at every syllable they uttered.

The squaws were a little timid, and no one could induce them to dance. They wore their new dresses, shawls and moccasins, and if possible kept out of a crowd. They however allowed visitors in their tents and were always glad to show their fancy work. I called at fifty or more tents one after noon and saw a great many fine things. They sold beautiful chairs made of Buffalo horns and trimmed with red, yellow or green plush.

The Chief's tent could be distinguished from the rest by the large Canadian flag waving over the top of it. I called on him too, and he seemed to be pleased to see me, but he did not talk much.

On the last day of the Pow-wow the Indians had their parade, and in the evening had a banquet in the open air. The next day our Indian village gradually disappeared.

We girls always looked forward to Pow-Wow day and our vacation would have seemed incomplete without it. The half civilized Indians were always happy, and after watching them a few days we became more contented with our own lives,

and even thought it would not be -
such a very hard task to start to-
school again.

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 * A "K A B U I T L E" *
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A "kabuitle" is not the--
 easiest thing to make even if it
 is only a "Schlewig Holstein" -
 pudding for Thanksgiving Day. I
 made one last year and surprised
 myself by having, what I call ,--
 good luck. So if you ever inter-
 nd to make a Kabuitle, and have-
 good luck, follow my directions-
 exactly.

Put on the kitchen table
 a bowl shaped like a hemisphere,
 and spread over it a large white
 damp cloth. Get another bowl ,
 and put in it a dozen eggs(with-
 out the shells) and beat them ,
 with a spoon nearly two and a -
 half minutes. To this add a ta-
 ble spoon full of salt, two qua-
 rts of sweet milk, five large -
 cups of flour, and half a pound-
 of good butter. Mix well. Then
 pour the whole mixture on the -
 damp cloth in the rounded bowl.-
 Do not be in a hurry while doing
 it. When the middle of the cloth

and the mixture have sunk to the bottom, gather up the edges of - the sack, and tie them together - with a cord. Take the bundle - and put it in a kettle of boil - ing water, and leave it in there two and a half hours. Now for - the sauce or "souse" as the "Kol steiners" call it.

Boil five cents worth of - dried prunes. Mix a cup of flour with a little water, one half - cup vinegar, and one half cup sy - rup. Pour this in with the pru - nes, stir, and then sweeten to - taste.

If the fire burns well, - and the kettles are not upset, - and no other calamity whatever - comes your way, you will have a "Kaduitte" that can't be beat.

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 * WOMAN SUFFRAGE. *
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Of course, the women --- should be allowed to vote, and I think if any man with a good share of common sense, sat down and considered the matter seriously for ten minutes, he would think so too.

Is it not a fine trait in anyone's character to be unselfish? Why then be so selfish about this one question? The women are affected by the laws of the country as well as the men. Perhaps they do know much about politics, - but they are finding out something every day and when the time comes for them to vote, they will be as well posted as any man.

It has always been a wonder to me how women can have the heart to study politics at all. They know they can not vote when election day comes, and their husbands, for the sake of being contrary, can vote for Taft if they want to, whether they know anything --

about politics or not.

Speak of the women wasting time. It is not their fault. - They should be allowed to vote so that their study of politics, may not be merely a wast of time but- a help to their country. This - country does not belong to the - men alone. The women helped to - make it what it is. I admit that it is their duty to look after - household affairs, but,- is it - not also the man's duty to look a fter his affairs, whatever they - may be?

On election day the men go and vote. It takes most of them all day . They, however, expect their wives to get the meals - ready, because you know, they - might take a notion to come home before midnight. - Yes you are - selfish if you think the women - should not vote. You are selfish if you expect them to stay at - home to darn stockings, while you are being treated until you hardly know whom to vote for.

In the states where the - women have obtained the right to vote, there is less treating and betting among the men, and I -

think the average percentage of votes that are bought every - fourth year, in the United - States, would be greatly decreased if the women had a voice - in politics. Most of them have no money to buy votes with, and I am sure there are only a very few who would sell their votes, for anything as cheap as ten - cent cigars.

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**      THE NIED OF A                **
**    TROLLEY    LINE.              **
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The people who are obliged to depend on the little gasoline "Dummy" when an attractive event takes place in Santa Ana, know only too well the necessity of a large car and some electric force, between Orange and the bridge.

When boys and girls, and grown people too, for that matter, have looked forward to a circus or a parade of products, for a whole week, and then get left in the Plaza they do not feel any too good natured. Nor do those who get a place in the car feel as gay as they thought they would. Ladies find it annoying to have their feet stepped on, and their "Merry Widows" knocked to one side, whenever the car whizzes and shrieks around the corners. The men who stand on the steps and hang on wherever it is possible, began

to feel worried about their appearance, after they have been brushed by hundreds of long, dusty palm leaves.

But the going is not the worst part of their little journey. Long before night the people began to gather at the street car depot, and car after car leaves for the bridge. Some even walk half ways so that they might be on the spot when the "Dummy" comes. A great many people get left, of course, and if it happens to be cold and rainy it is best for them to march on through mud and water to keep from shivering to death; and while they declare they will never depend on the "Dummy" again, those in the "Dummy" declare they would sooner walk.

There is no whizzing around corners this time. The poor "Dummy" is almost worn out. When it gets to the railroad it stops with a groan. Those who have studied Physics, think of Newton's first law of motion, "Every body continues in its state of rest unless, it is compelled by some force to change that state etc." The men who were so eager to get

a ride step off somewhat reluctantly, and after much slipping about * in the mud, with their shining shoes manage to push the "Dummy" and its contents over the track.

It gets a good start, and the men jump on again. By this time * the ladies are disgusted, and no wonder. Some are nearly suffocated with smoke and others are unable to dodge the black drops, coming faster and faster through the roof.

Will the people ever get to * Orange? Some think not and others have a faint hope. Their hope increases when the car has turned the last corner, and after puffing and groaning starts off at a fair speed. At last it stops at the Plaza, with a sigh of contentment. The poor * thing has done its best.

But the best in this case cannot satisfy the people. Their trip up and back was the most annoying * part of the day, and it will be so in the future unless, Orange gets * a good substitute for the little * "Dummy".

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

Chapter 33.

Two years later. The Vicar is a-
gain enjoying a quiet life at his
old home in Wakefield. A family
gathering

It was my birthday, and although Deborah always prepared * something for the occasion, I * felt that her past two days of * hard and earnest work in the kitchen had not been for me alone. I was indeed convinced of the fact, when, at ten o'clock in the morning, I happened to see her pass * my door dressed in her new crimson paduasoy. All the preparations and excitement told me that we were going to have company * from town. I was rather curious to know just how many were coming but I asked no questions.

Dick and Bill seemed to know all about the surprise, and I * could see them in the library * anxiously waiting for the sound * of wheels, and reading at the * same time. They did not have *

long to wait however, for I could see a carriage coming up the road. It was Sir William Thornhill's.

Lady Thornhill and Olivia had only recently returned from the Continent with Sir William, and we had not seen them for more than a year. I was out by the carriage and had clasped my daughter in my arms, before my wife knew of their arrival. When my great joy of seeing them had somewhat subsided, I turned to Sir William. "You are indeed a most welcome visitor at Wakefield," said I. It was not until then that I noticed a gentleman standing apart from the merry group. When he saw me looking his way he came slowly forward. It was Squire Thornhill, but how changed! His gay and self-confident ways had vanished. My heart went out to him at once when he asked in a low voice, "Am I too a welcome visitor at Wakefield?"

"Yes", cried I, "If possible you are more welcome than all the rest."

By this time my wife was leading the way to the house. The Squire and I were left alone for a while, and then we slowly

followed the rest, arm in arm. He informed me that at Olivia's request his uncle had written to him, and that he had joined the party in Paris several months ago. It had not been his wish to come to my house without a special invitation, but the girl had insisted and declared the party would be incomplete without him.

We were in the house and all talking as fast as possible when the door opened and Moses entered. George and his lovely wife followed. Greetings were again exchanged. Our little sitting room was almost overloaded, and when we had talked about all the town affairs, Sir William asked if he might go into the garden and make more room for the rest of the company. My daughters had not been at Wake - a field since we were compelled to leave it when misfortune came our way, and as they seemed anxious to have a look at familiar scenes, we excused them also.

Deborah hurried off to the kitchen. In less than half an hour dinner was ready. Once more I had

the pleasure of seeing all my *
childred assembled in a place *
where we had so often dined to-
gether. My wife was allowed to
serve. Her gooseberry wine and
birthday cake were better than
the company had ever tasted.
